

Jay-Z, Empire State Of Mind (feat. Alicia Keys)

[Verse 1: Jay Z]

Yeah, I'm out that Brooklyn, now I'm down in Tribeca
Right next to DeNiro, but I'll be hood forever
I'm the new Sinatra, and since I made it here
I can make it anywhere, yeah, they love me everywhere
I used to cop in Harlem; hola, my Dominicanos
Right there up on Broadway
Brought me back to that McDonalds
Took it to my stash spot, 560 State Street
Catch me in the kitchen, like a Simmons whippin' pastry
Cruising down 8th street, off-white Lexus
Driving so slow, but BK is from Texas
Me, I'm out that Bed-Stuy, home of that boy Biggie
Now I live on Billboard and I brought my boys with me
Say what up to Ty Ty, still sipping Mai Tais
Sitting courtside, Knicks and Nets give me high fives
Nigga, I be Spiked out, I can trip a referee
Tell by my attitude that I'm most definitely from...

[Hook: Alicia Keys]

New York, concrete jungle
Where dreams are made of
There's nothing you can't do
Now you're in New York
These streets will make you feel brand new
Big lights will inspire you
Let's hear it for New York
New York, New York

[Interlude: Jay Z]

You're welcome, OG
I made you hot, nigga

[Verse 2: Jay Z]

Catch me at the X with OG at a Yankee game
Shit, I made the Yankee hat more famous than a Yankee can
You should know I bleed Blue, but I ain't a Crip, though
But I got a gang of niggas walking with my clique though
Welcome to the melting pot, corners where we sellin' rocks
Afrika Bambaataa shit, home of the hip-hop
Yellow cab, gypsy cab, dollar cab, holla back
For foreigners it ain't fair, they act like they forgot how to add
Eight million stories out there in the naked city
It's a pity half of y'all won't make it
Me, I gotta plug Special Ed "I Got It Made"
If Jeezy's paying LeBron, I'm paying Dwyane Wade
Three dice Cee-lo, three card Monte
Labor Day Parade, rest in peace Bob Marley
Statue of Liberty, long live the World Trade
Long live the king, yo; I'm from the Empire State, that's...

[Hook: Alicia Keys]

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[Interlude: Jay Z]

That boy good
Welcome to the bright light, baby!

[Verse 3: Jay Z]

Lights is blindin', girls need blinders
So they can step out of bounds quick, the side lines is
Lined with casualties who sip the life casually
Then gradually become worse; don't bite the apple, Eve!
Caught up in the in-crowd, now you're in-style
And in the winter gets cold en vogue with your skin out
The city of sin is a pity on a whim
Good girls gone bad, the city's filled with 'em
Mami took a bus trip and now she got her bust out
Everybody ride her, just like a bus route
"Hail Mary" to the city, you're a virgin
And Jesus can't save you, life starts when the church ends
Came here for school, graduated to the high life
Ball players, rap stars, addicted to the limelight
MDMA got you feeling like a champion
The city never sleeps, better slip you a Ambien

[Hook: Alicia Keys]

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[Bridge: Alicia Keys]

One hand in the air for the big city
Street lights, big dreams, all looking pretty
No place in the world that can compare
Put your lighters in the air
Everybody say: "Yeah!"

[Hook: Alicia Keys]

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